

THE
Newport Mercury
Published every SATURDAY by
F. A. PRATT & CO.,
AT CORNER OF
Market sq. & Thames street.
TERMS.—\$2.00 per annum; or
\$1.75 if paid strictly in advance.
Advertisements inserted at one
dollar per square (12 lines) for the
first three insertions, and seven
cents for each subsequent insertion.
Those who advertise by the year,
can make contracts on liberal terms.
The privilege of Annual Adver-
tising is limited to their own im-
mediate business, and all advertise-

Newport Mercury.

ESTABLISHED, JUNE 12, 1758.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1860.

ments for the benefit of other per-
sons, as well as all legal advertise-
ments, and advertisements of real
estate, or auction sales, sent in by
them, must be paid for at the usual
rate.
Cards of acknowledgments, reli-
gious notices, and the like, one in-
sertion, 50 cents per square.
Births, marriages and deaths, in-
serted without charge, but all ad-
ditions to the ordinary announce-
ment, as obituary notices, &c., will be
charged at 4 cents per line, no charge
being less than 25 cents.
No paper will be discontinued
until arrears are paid, except at the
option of the publisher.
Job Printing
In its various branches, executed
with despatch.
F. A. PRATT & CO. WM. MESSE

Volume 102.

Number 5,289.

Poetry.

For the Mercury.
COMFORT.
BY ELLEN.

When sickness and sorrow, and trials assail,
And strength and all hope seem together to fail,
When the heart, faintly beating, seeks some place
of rest,
Where it may find comfort—where it may be
blest.
Though thy earthly friends may hang o'er thy
bed,
And smooth the soft pillow for thy aching head,
They may strive to lessen the anguish and grief,
But they cannot afford a lasting relief.
Then lift the dimmed eye and the throbbing heart
To Him who has felt of each sorrow, the smart,
He will whisper sweet comfort and bid thee not
fear,
For He thy transgressions and wanderings did
bear.
He will calm each wind, bid the tempest fly,
And send down His spirit with light from on
high;
The valley, though gloomy, His presence shall
cheer,
And thy last words shall be my loved Savior is
near.
Twas so with His chosen ones whom He led,
Through the wilderness wild and provided
them bread,
Not all the rebellions his covenant can break,
They are still well beloved for their father's
sake.
And though they have wandered for hundreds of
years,
Outcast and rejected 'mid sorrows and fears,
Preserved by His mercy, the wanderers shall come,
When their looked-for Redeemer shall gather
them home.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.
This book is all that's left me now—
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lips and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart,
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree:
My mother's hand this Bible clasped,
She dying, gave it to me.
Ah, well do I remember those
Whose names those records bear;
Who round the hearthstone used to close
After the evening prayer;
And speak of what those pages said
In tones my heart would thrill;
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!
My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear!
Her angel face I see it yet!
What thrilling memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home.
The trust friend man ever knew,
Thy counsel I have found thee true,
When all were false I guided me,
My counsel and my aid.
The mines of earth no treasures give,
That could this volume buy,
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

Useful Hints.

The coating for the back of looking glasses
is composed of tin and mercury. In applying it,
the tin sheet is spread upon a smooth and
level table of marble or freestone and the win-
dow smoothed out with a brush. A small quan-
tity of mercury is then poured upon the tin,
which dissolves it, or, rather, amalgamates with
it. Two parallel rulers are next placed upon
the tin and mercury poured between them to a
depth equal to the thickness of a half dollar—
A strip of paper is advanced half an inch on
the edge of the mercury and the plate of glass,
pre-polished and dried, is pushed endwise upon
this sheet of mercury, care being taken to keep
it in a horizontal position, so that no air can
come between the plate and metal. Heavy
weights are applied to the glass and the table
tipped gradually more and more to drain off
the loose mercury—a process which requires
from three weeks to a month.
The rapid drying of wet clothes and plaster
in a clear, freezing atmosphere is due to the ab-
sence of moisture in the air. Evaporation goes
on in a dry atmosphere at all temperatures.—
The smoke which you see near the surface of a
river, on a very cold day, is the evaporated
moisture which is being condensed by the cold
short distance above the surface. In the
Arctic regions wet clothes dry nearly as fast
as in our climate in a warm day, because the at-
mosphere in the frosty regions contains little
or no moisture.
LEMON PRESERVE.—An excellent substitute
for jam may be made as follows: One pound of
powdered loaf sugar, a quarter of a pound of
butter, six eggs, leaving out the whites of two
of them, adding the juice and rind of three lemons.
Put the ingredients into a sauce pan and
stir the whole gently over a slow fire until it
becomes as thick as honey. Put it into small
jars and keep it in a cool, dry place.
A good water-proof blacking for the edges
of boots and shoes can be made by dissolving
1 ounce of indigo in hot oil, stirring in 7
ounces of ivory black, 3 molasses and 1 of gum
arabic. These are mixed thoroughly in a mor-
tar, then taken out, placed in an earthen ves-
sel and one ounce of sulphuric acid stirred thor-
oughly among them. This composition must be
stirred frequently for about six days when it
is ready for use.
PERSONS troubled with clinkers adhering to
the lining of their stoves or furnaces, may be
interested in knowing, says the *Scientific Ameri-
can*, that by placing a few oyster shells in the
grate, while the fire is lighted, the clinkers will
soon become loosened so as to be readily re-
moved without the danger of breaking the lining.
The clinkers soften and give up their adhesion
to the fire brick, so that a slight blow with the
 poker causes the separation.

Selected Tale.

THE PARSON'S SON.
A TRUE STORY.
BY HAYWARD TAYLOR.

On the 15th of October, 1856, a celebra-
tion of a peculiar character was held in a
small village near Jena. It was an occasion
of an entirely local nature, and might have
passed unobserved and unknown to all, ex-
cept in the immediate vicinity but for its
connection with the battle, which fifty
years and one day before, annihilated the
power of Prussia. An account of it, how-
ever, was published in most of the German
newspapers, and how this circumstance, the
sequel of the story which I am about to
relate, was brought on. At the time the
celebration took place, I was residing in
Gotha, not more than fifty miles from the
spot, and received the story almost in the
very words of the chief actor in it. I am
sorry that his name, and that of the village,
have escaped my memory. All other par-
ticulars must too deep an impression upon
me to be easily forgotten.
We must first go back to the 14th of
October, 1806. On that day, the windy
uplands of the northeast of Jena witnessed
the brief but terrible combat, which resulted
in the triumphant entry of the French army
into Berlin, eleven days afterward—during
which time Prussia had lost 60,000 men,
65 standards, and 600 cannon. A portion
of the French army was encamped on the
battle field, or quartered in the villages
around. The poor inhabitants, overwhelmed
by this sudden avalanche of war upon their
quiet fields—where for a hundred years or
more they had reaped their harvests in
peace—submitted in helpless apathy, while
their houses and barns were plundered by
the lawless soldiery. The battle was over,
but there was no lull in the blast of ruin.
Through the clouds of cannon smoke which
settled into the bosom of the deep valleys
as the raw October evening came on, were
heard in all directions shrieks of fear, yells
of rage or triumph, and cries of pain or
lamentation.
Devout—the 'Butcher of Hamburg,' as
the Germans call him—looked up his quarters
for the night in one of the most convenient
and comfortable houses which could be
found in the neighborhood of the scene
of slaughter. Here he rapidly issued
orders for the disposition of the forces under
his command, gave directions for the mor-
row, and received reports from his adjut-
ants. He had taken his cloak, and was
about retiring to an inner chamber for re-
pose, when an officer entered. 'Pardon me,
general,' he said, 'but there is a case
which requires attention. The German
cavalry must be taught to respect us. Ten
soldiers of Company —, of the Fourth
Infantry, who quartered themselves in the
village of Waldorf (let us say) have
been driven away by the people, and two
or three of them are severely injured.'

Without the cries and entreaties of the ter-
rified people, told him that his help was
wanted. He immediately addressed him-
self to Lieut. Lamotte, and begged for an
explanation.
'I am ordered to punish this village,'
answered the latter, 'for your treatment
of our soldiers last night. The marshal or-
ders that ten of you must be shot. The only
thing that I can do is to allow you to draw
lots among yourselves, or to point out
those concerned in the outrage.'
'But,' continued the young man, 'your
general has been misinformed. No French
soldiers have visited our village before
you. We have truly been in great fear and
anxiety the whole night, but the valley is
deep and the village is partly concealed
from view by woods on the side. There are
also the villages of Middle and Lower
Waldorf, which lie further down in the
open valley. You can soon satisfy your-
self, sir, that this village is entirely in-
nocent; and I entreat you not to shed the
blood of our harmless people.'
'There is no time for investigation,'
said the officer, 'I am ordered to proceed
to Waldorf and am guided thither. I will
wait till you make your choice of ten to be
sacrificed, but have no authority to do
more.'
By this time the people had learned the
late in store for them. The women with
fears and appealing gestures crowded
around the officer, begging him to spare
their sons and husbands. The men stood
silent, with bloodless faces, and dumb, im-
ploring eyes. The scene was evidently
painful, both to the officer and the sol-
diers, accustomed as they were to the in-
numerable code of war. They were anxious
to put an end to it and leave; but the cler-
gyman's son, inspired with the belief that
the fate of ten men rested upon his efforts,
continued to urge his plea with a zeal and
eloquence that would not be set aside.
Lieut. Lamotte struggled awhile between
his sense of duty and his natural humanity,
while the young advocate appealed to his
conscience and to the obedience which he
owed to a higher command than Devoust.
Finally he consented to wait while a ser-
geant was dispatched to head-quarters, ac-
companied by a peasant to show him the
nearest way. A few lines hastily penned
stated the facts in the case, and asked for
further instructions.
Meanwhile the inhabitants waited in a
state of suspense scarcely to be endured.
Lieutenant Lamotte, who, as a thorough
Frenchman, soon wearied of a painful emo-
tion, and shaking it off at the risk of ap-
pearing heartless, said:
'The morning is keen and a walk before
breakfast doesn't diminish the appetite;
can you give us some refreshments from
your hidden supplies?'
At a word from the young man, many
of the women brought out what they had
prepared for their own breakfast, with
black bread, mugs of beer, and a small
cheese or two—sufficient for a rough meal
of which the soldiers partook, with the
usual laughing comments on *'la cuisine
Allemande.'*
The company of victims looked on with
silence, and more than one uttered gloomily,
'We are feeding our executioners.'
'Even if that should be true,' said the
young man, 'it is but doing as Christ has
taught us. Whether or not we obtain
Christian charity from these men, let us,
at least, show them that we are Christians.'
The rebuke had its effect. A few of the
men assisted in entertaining the soldiers,
and the latter with their facility of frater-
nization, soon made themselves at home.
As the women fill, the heart also enlarges,
and the men began to say among them-
selves:
It is a pity that these men should be
shot by mistake.
It was not long before the sergeant and
the guide arrived. The former handed the
lieutenant a note, which he hastily tore
open and read:
'Waste no time in parley. It is dis-
frent which village is punished; an ex-
ample must be made. Do your duty and
return instantly.'
So ran the pitiless answer.
'Choose your men!' said the lieutenant,
rising to his feet, and grinding his teeth to
keep down his faltering heart. But now
the lamentation broke out afresh. The
women clung around the men who were
dear to them, and many of the latter, over-
come by the general distress, uttered loud
cries and prayers for mercy.
The young man knelt down in front of
them, saying to the officer, 'I do not kneel
to you; but I will pray to God that he will
remove the sin of slaughter from your soul.'
As the officer met his earnest eyes, full
of a sublime calmness and courage, his own
suddenly filled with tears. He turned to
his men who stood drawn up in a line be-
fore him, but no word was spoken—
their hands were in their proper places,
according to drill regulations; and there
were drops on many cheeks which they
could not wipe away. There was a silent
question in the officer's eye—a silent answer
in theirs. The former turned hurriedly,
beckoned the young man to him, and
whispered, in an agitated voice:
'My friend, I will save you by stratagem.

Choose ten of your most courageous men,
place them in a line before me and I will
order my soldiers to shoot them through
the head. At the instant I give the order
to fire, they must fall flat on the ground;
my soldiers will aim high, and no one will
be injured; as soon as the volley is fired, I
will give the order to march; but no one
must stir from his place until we are out of
sight.'
These words were instantly translated
to the people, but so great was their panic,
that no one offered to move. The pastor's
son then took his place, alone, in the vacant
space before the line of soldiers. 'I offer
myself,' said he, 'as one trusting in God
that we shall all be saved; and I call upon
those of you who have the hearts of men
in your bodies to stand beside me.' Young
Conrad, a sturdy farmer, and but newly a
bridegroom, joined him—casting as he did
so a single encouraging look upon his future
wife, who turned deadly pale but spoke not
a word. One by one, as men who have
resolved to face death—for most of them
had but a trembling half confidence in their
escape—eight others walked out and took
their places in line. The women shuddered,
and hid their eyes—the men looked steadily
on, in the fascination of terror—and the
little children in awe but ignorant curiosity.
The place was as silent as if devoid
of life.
Again the lieutenant surveyed his men.
'Take aim!' he commanded. He con-
tinued to aim at his heads, that their work
may be well done.' But though his voice
was clear and strong, and the tenor of his
voice not to be mistaken, a flash of hidden
meaning ran down the line, and the men
understood him. Then came the last com-
mand—'Fire!' but in the second which in-
tervened between the word and ringing vol-
ley, the ten men were already falling. The
crack of the muskets and sound of their
bodies were simultaneous. Without a
pause, the lieutenant cried: 'Right about
wheel! Forward!' and the measured
tramp of the soldiers rang down the nar-
row village street.
The women uncovered their eyes and
gazed. There lay the ten men, motionless
and apparently lifeless. With wild
cries they gathered around them; but their
exclamations of despair had turned into
those of joy, the last of the soldiers
had disappeared in the wood. Then fol-
lowed weeping and embracing, as all arose
from the ground—laughter and sobbing of
hysterical joy. The pastor's son uncovered
his head and knelt down; while all rever-
ently following his example, uttered an elo-
quent prayer of thanksgiving for their mer-
ciful deliverance.
What this young man had done was not
suffered to go unrewarded. A blessing
rested upon his labors and his life. In the
course of time he became a clergyman, fill-
ing, for a while, his father's place for the
people he had saved, but was afterwards
led to a wider and more ambitious sphere.
He was called to Leipzig, received
the degree of Doctor of Divinity and
finally became known throughout Germany
as the founder of the *Gustav Adolf Verein*
(Gustavus Adolphus Union), which has
for its object the dissemination of protestant
principles by means of voluntary contribu-
tions. In some respects it resembles the
Home Missions of our own country—
Many churches, built by this association,
are now scattered throughout the United
States.
The inhabitants of Waldorf never for-
got their pastor, nor he them. He came
back from time to time to spend a few days
in the quiet little village of his youth and
where the most eventful crisis of his life
was passed.
In 1856, three out of the ten pseudo-
victims of Devoust were still living in their
old homes and the people bethought them
that the semi-centennial anniversary of
such an event deserved a special celebra-
tion. Dr. —, of Leipzig, (formerly the
pastor's son) was invited to be with them.
He came—he would have come from the
ends of the earth—and after a solemn re-
ligious service in the church, proceeded to
the very spot on which he had stood and
faced the French muskets, and there related
to the children and grandchildren of those
he had saved, the narrative I have here
given in less moving and eloquent words.
Those who were present described the
scene as singularly impressive and affect-
ing. The three old men sat near him as
he spoke, and the emotions of that hour of
trial were so vividly reproduced in their
mind that, at the close, they laughed and
wept as they had done on the same day fifty
years before.
In conclusion, the speaker referred to the
officer whose human stratagem had saved
their lives. 'Since that day,' said he, 'I
have never heard of him. I did not even
learn his name; but he is ever remembered
in my prayers. Most probably he died a
soldier's death on one of the many fields
of slaughter, which intervened between Jena
and Waterloo; but if he should be living,
it would cheer my last days on earth if I
could reach him with a single word of grate-
tude.'
In the same year there lived, and no
doubt is still living, in Lyons, an invalid and

pensioned captain of the Napoleonic wars.
After a life of vicissitudes, he found him-
self in his old age, alone, forgotten and
poor. Men no better and braver than he,
had achieved distinction by lucky chance;
fortune had come to others and others had
begotten children to cheer and vitalize their
declining years. Him the world passed by
and for years he had been living a quiet, si-
lent, pinched life, by the aid of his scanty
pension. His constant resort was a cafe
where he could see and read the principal
European journals, and perhaps measure
the changed politics of the present time, by
the experience of his past life.
One day in November, 1856, he entered
the cafe as usual, took his accustomed seat
as he was wont to do, and picked up the
nearest paper. It happened to be the
Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung; but he
had spent some years in Germany and un-
derstood the language tolerably. His at-
tention was attracted by a letter dated Jena.
'Jena,' he thinks, 'I was there too; I
was going on there now.' He read the letter
further: celebration at Waldorf. 'Wal-
dorf.' The name is familiar; where have
I heard it? As he continues his perusal,
the old captain's excitement, so unusual a
circumstance, attracts the attention of all
the other habitués of the cafe. 'Grand
Dieu, Davoust—Waldorf—the ten men—
the pastor's son—Did I dream such a thing,
or is this the same? Forgotten for years
and years—effaced by a hundred other mil-
litary adventures—overlaid and lost in the
crowded stores of a soldier's memory, the
scene came to light again. The pastor's
son still lived, still remembered and thanked
the preserver of his native village. Many
long years had passed since such a glow
wondered the chambers of the old man's
heart.
That evening he wrote to Dr. — in
Leipzig. He was ill and but a few months
distant from his last hour; but the soldier's
letter seemed like a providential answer to
his prayers and brightened the close of his
life. A many and affectionate correspond-
ence was carried on between the two, while
the latter lived. The circumstance be-
came public and was officially recognized
in a way most flattering to the pride of Cap-
tain Lamotte. The Grand Duke of Sax-
Weimar and the King of Saxony conferred
upon him the honors of their respective
houses which were followed soon after by
the cross of the legion of honor, from Louis
Napoleon and an increase of his pension,
which assured him ease and comfort for
the rest of his life. A translation of the doc-
tor's narrative published in the French pa-
pers, drew attention to him and he was no
longer a neglected frequenter of the cafe.
He was known and honored even without
his three orders.
'Cast thy bread upon the waters and
thou shalt find it again after many days.'

KIND HEARTS.
Let but the heart be beautiful,
And I care not for the face,
I heed not that the form may want
Pride, dignity, or grace,
Let the mind be filled with glowing thoughts,
And the soul with sympathy,
And I care not if the cheek be pale,
Or the eye lack brilliancy.
What though the cheek be beautiful,
It soon must lose its bloom;
The eye's bright lustre soon will fade,
In the dark, silent tomb;
But the glory of the mind will live,
Though the joyous life depart,
And the magic charm can never die
Of a true and noble heart.
The lips that utter gentle words
Have a beauty all their own,
And more I prize a kindly voice,
Than music's sweetest tone;
And though its sounds are harsh or shrill,
If the heart within beats free,
And echoes back each glad impulse,
'Tis all the world to me.
THINGS TO CHERISH.
The eyes that look with love on thee,
That brighten with thy smile,
Oh, merely bid thee hope again,
If thou art sad awhile;
The eyes that when no words are breathed,
Gaze fondly into thine—
Oh, cherish them, ere they grow dim;
They may not always shine.
The faithful hearts around thee,
That glow with love and youth,
That time and care may never have scared,
Nor ravished of their truth;
The heart whose beatings we have heard
When throbbing near our own—
Oh, cherish them; those beatings hushed,
Earth's dearest tones are gone.
The days when there are hearts and eyes
That thrill and beam for thee;
The few fleet hours when life doth seem
Bright as a summer sea;
The thrilling moments when to speak
The full heart's joy is vain—
Oh, cherish them, once gone, alas!
They never return again!
How to PRODUCE "GOD."—The ending
syllable "ough" which is such a terror to fore-
igners, is shown in its several pronunciations in
the following lines:
'Wife, make me some dumplings of dough,
They're better than meat for my mouth;
Pray let them be boiled till hot through,
But not till they're heavy and tough.
Now I must be off to my plough,
And the boys (when they've had enough)
Must keep the flies off with a bough,
While the old mare drags at the trough.'
Never put off till to-morrow what you can do
to-day, and a mother to a child, 'Well, let us
eat the cranberry pie that is in the safe.'

Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1785.

seemly in the several English colonies to
meet by committees at New York, for the
purpose jointly, of petitioning the King
and parliament as to the imposition of taxes
and duties, laid, or intended to be laid,
on the colonies. Metcalf Bowler and Henry
Ward, Esqrs. were appointed, and at the
February session, received a vote of
thanks for the faithful discharge of their
duties as commissioners from this colony.
At this congress the colonies of Massa-
chusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New
Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and South
Carolina, only were represented.
**Declaration of the right of the people of
Rhode Island.**
The Assembly, at the September ses-
sion, also passed the following spirited res-
olution, in support of their rights as En-
glish subjects:
"This Assembly taking into considera-
tion an act passed by the Parliament of
Great Britain at their last session, for lay-
ing stamp duties and other internal duties
in North America, do Resolve, that
1 That the first adventurers, settlers of
His Majesty's colony and dominion of R-
Island and Providence Plantations, brought
with them and transmitted to their poster-
ity, and all other, His Majesty's subjects,
inhabiting in this, His Majesty's colony,
all the privileges and immunities that have
at any time, been held, enjoyed and pos-
sessed by the people of Great Britain—
2 That, by a charter granted by King
Charles the second, in the 15th year of his
reign, the colony aforesaid is declared and
entitled to all the privileges and immuni-
ties of natural born subjects, to all intents
and purposes, as if they had been abiding
and born within the realm of England;
3 His Majesty's liege people of this col-
ony have enjoyed the right of being gov-
erned by their own assembly, in the ar-
ticle of taxes and internal police, and that
the same hath never been forfeited or any
other way yielded up, but hath been constan-
tly recognized by the King and people of
Great Britain.
4 That, therefore, the General Assembly
of this colony, have, in their representative
capacity, the only, exclusive right to lay
taxes and imposts upon the inhabitants of
this colony, and that every attempt to vest
such power in any person or persons what-
ever, other than the General Assembly
aforesaid, is unconstitutional and hath a
manifest tendency to destroy the liberties
of the people of this colony.
5 That his Majesty's liege people, the
inhabitants of this colony, are not bound
to yield obedience to any law or ordinance
designed to impose any internal taxation
on them other than the laws and ordinances
of the General Assembly aforesaid.
6 That all the officers in this colony ap-
pointed by the authority thereof, be and
they are hereby directed to proceed in the
execution of their respective duties, in the
same manner as usual, and that this As-
sembly will indemnify and save harmless,
all the said officers on account of their con-
duct agreeable to this resolution."
Disturbances on account of the Stamp Act.
On Wednesday, morning, the 14th of
August, at Boston, an effigy of the stamp
master of that town was found hanging on
a tree in a very public part of the town
accompanied with a label, on which were
appropriate rhymes, and also a representa-
tion of an imp of a devil, etc. This effigy
hung all day, to the great amusement of
the population of town and country. At
about dusk in the evening, thousands re-
paired to the place, took down the effigy
and paraded with it through the principal
streets to a new brick building, which they
suspected was designed for a stamp office.
This they demolished in half an hour—
They then proceeded to Fort Hill to burn
the effigy, where they committed some
waste principally in procuring material for
the bonfire. The following evening they
again assembled, when the stamp master
sent them a letter, notifying them that he
would not accept the nomination; which
declaration suspended their further opera-
tions and quietness was restored.
This example was soon followed by the
people of Newport, for on the 27th of Au-
gust, about 9 o'clock, a. m. the people be-
gan to assemble and manifest their agita-
tion by bringing forth in a cart, three im-
ages intended as the effigies of Augustus
Johnson, who had been appointed stamp
master for this colony, Martin Howard and
Dr. Thomas Moffat. These men had of-
fended by their writings in favor of the
parliamentary jurisdiction over the colonies.
Each of those images had a halter around
its neck and were carried to the gallows,
which had been erected near the town
house, where they were hung up to public
view till near night.
The day following they again assembled
in great numbers and proceeded to the house
of Martin Howard, where they destroyed
or plundered everything it contained, and
demolished the doors, windows, &c., leav-
ing nothing but the bare walls standing—
They then proceeded to the house of Doct.
Moffat which was treated in a manner nar-
rily similar, from which they went to the
house of Augustus Johnson, with a like in-

MEDICINE

psia Remedy

ARIUS HAM'S
AROMATIC
GORATING SPIRIT.

has been used by the public for six years
long. It is recommended in every
*Nervousness, Heart Burns, In-
fer, Kidney Complaints, Cholic
Headache, Drowsiness, Lunc
Delirium Tremens, Wind
Stomach, or Pain in the
Bosels,*
children, women, but will not in-
jure.

It is quick and effectual during the most
severe dyspepsia, when vomiting and
distention of the stomach and bowels, in a speedy
manner the most metallic and drop-
pence the weak, nervous and sickly to
and vigor
from the injudicious use of liquors, like a
ball their nervous system checked, and efflu-
ent and subject to this terrible error to

[illegible]

Wholesale Agents.
Messrs. J. Cassell, Mack & Co., Liverpool &
London and H. H. Young.

DON'T TOO MUCH TO SAY.
SINCE ALL,
OLD AND YOUNG
AFFIRM ITS TRUTH,
Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative
is making the growing and coming
three times a week, to very long and abun-
dant, over the gray, over the bald with nature's
the hair is made it more and more beautiful,
and preserve the scalp free from all disease
of the scalp. Its action, in the hair, is to
restoration. Professional men, and to millions and
Lancet, all over the world, bear testimony that
for much to its favor, than any other hair-
restoring.

Write, Mr. Charles C. Mack, New York, U.S.A.,
Wood's Hair Restorative is a true hair restorative,
to use some of your Hair Restorative and
as a reward, we feel it our duty to you and
report it.

Our hair has been some time had been perfectly
restored and some others to read, I feel
the hair, come in in consequence, when a friend,
friends, advised us to use your Restorative—
the hope of some day to see you or to hear
our friends, a very few applications removed
entirely, and a new and robust crop of hair
and we can now say that our hair has been

[illegible]

of the N. Y. Wire Railing Establishment, and
J. C. Leake, Mgr.,
of all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

WOOD & COAL.

The subscribers offer to their customers
as public generally, a larger variety of
has ever before been on sale in this
city purchased the best coal which
the price, they feel confident of their ability
every peculiar case, whether the draft
strong or weak.

any article purchased at our wharf not
was recommended, the coal may be
at our expense and the money will be

OMAN & BRADFORD,

FOR GRATES.—Best English, Canal,
“ Liverpool Orrel,
“ Cumberland,

by **OMAN & BRADFORD.**

COAL AND WOOD.

THE SUPPLY OF ALL THE BEST VARIETIES
of Anthracite and Semi-Anthracite Coals,
and of all kinds prepared in any manner
AND ALL KINDS OF HARD

Wharf opposite foot of Mary St.	
TS VALLEY COAL at	WILLIAMS
28	
RRY COAL at	WILLIAMS.
28	
TON COAL at	WILLIAMS.
28	
KINDS OF KINDLING WOOD and	
Wood, at	WILLIAMS.
SH CANNEL COAL, in fine order	
large lumps, for sale by	
CHAS. WILLIAMS.	

Best Iron
J. B. LANGLEY, JR., & CO.

STOVES.
AT J. B. LANGLEY, JR. & CO'S and
ne their stock of Heating and Cooking
, &c. Nov 19.

Stoves, Tin Ware &c.
SUBSCRIBER has in store a large assort-
of Parlor and Cook Stoves, Tin Ware of
Wooden and Willow Ware, Ranges
proved pattern set with care, and war-
work well. Jobbing punctually attend-
orders solicited.

WILLIAM BROWNELL,
Opposite R. I. Union Bank

FAIRBANK'S
REGISTERED
RAILROAD, HAY, COAL, & STORE

SCALES,
OF EVERY VARIETY.

FAIRBANKS & BROWN,
City Street, Boston.
40.—17

Pickles & Sauces.
 ASSES English Pickles and Sauces in
 the greatest variety, just received and for
WILLIAM NEWTON & CO.
Ties—A large assortment of Neck
 Scarfs and Cravats, at
LANGLEY & NORMAN'S.
STOCKINGS—A lot of Vestings received by
 Nov 26 **LANGLEY & NORMAN.**

